

The 5-time Rejected Gamma & the Lycan King by Stina's Pen Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Everyone adjourned to their rooms for a short rest before dinner. The Lycan in Xandar was

already whimpering at the thought of parting with Lucianne.

'Do you mind if I kept you until dinner, Lucianne?' He asked nervously. He couldn't remember the last time he was this nervous, if there was such a time in his past at all. He was a King, and before that he was the Crowned Prince. There was never really an occasion that h

e had to feel nervous about. Overwhelmed, yes, with rogue attacks. Fearful, perhaps, like

when he was about to witness the death of his father. But never was he nervous.

Lucianne narrowed her eyes and said, "That depends on what you want."

He smiled. It was a sad smile as he explained, "I want to talk to you more. I want to know you, really know you. I don't want you to feel like you have to keep things from me." He took her hand and kissed the back of it briefly before placing her palm on his chest, over his heart as h e whispered, "And hopefully, I can convince you that I can love you. I'm not like the rest, Lucianne. I only want you. You're the only mate and Queen that I will ever be willing to

accept. Please," he took her other hand and kissed her fingers. "Please, let me get to know you.

Lucianne was touched by what she just heard. His words went straight into her heart. She wondered if it was the effect of the mate bond. She cleared her throat before nodding her

head gently and uttered, "Okay."

Xandar looked relieved and ecstatic. He took Lucianne's hand and led her out of the dining hall. He drove them to his villa and ushered her into the living room. After making coffee,

Xandar passed Lucianne her mug and sat next to her.

When their eyes locked, Lucianne shrugged and asked, "So, what do you want to know?"

His eyebrows furrowed as he thought about what to ask first. What he really wanted to know was no doubt a very painful topic to touch on at this early stage in their relationship, if they are in a relationship at all. He was contemplating on the second thing he wanted to know

about her. "Who are your parents? What do they do? Any siblings?"

Her lips curled up, and she had a cheeky glint in her eye as she said, "That's definitely not what you really wanted to ask first but I'll gladly oblige if it makes you feel comfortable. So..."

Before she responded, Xandar asked with a smile, "How are you so sure that's not the thing at

the top of my head?"

Lucianne simply explained, "Well, for one, you took a little too long coming up with the question. We travelled from the dining hall to your home so you would've had your first QUESUOH 10119 before now." She chuckled. "And two, you have a look when you're trying to lie."

"Is that so?" He smirked as he moved closer to 1-19;

She chuckled and nodded, "You might be a good liar when you're prepared but taken off-guard, you look very uneasy, like you're coming up with an excuse after being caught stealing a candy bar from the fridge."

"Well, you have to admit, if it's my fridge then I'm technically not stealing." He said with a

charming smile.

"You would be if it belonged to someone else in the house." She said, and Xandar laughed. When his laughter died down, she looked at the marble floor as she spoke, "You want to know about the five rejections, don't you?"

Her smile was subsiding, and she was avoiding his gaze. He took her hand carefully into his own as he said in seriousness, "We 'don't have to talk about that today, Lucianne. There are a million other things I want to know about you."

She smiled meekly as she met his concerned gaze. "Yeah, but your mind won't be at ease until you know." His expression said it all. He wanted to know. Not because he wanted to judge her worth or question her past. He just...wanted to know. He didn't want there to be any secrets between them. As her mate, he wanted to know about the pain from her past, and just

hoped that by listening, he could take some of the pain from her.

"You seem a little lost for words." She said with a sad smile, and chuckled once depressingly before she started, "It's okay. I'll just say whatever comes to my mind. So uh, the first mate

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"Lucianne, before you tell me about that. I want you to know something." Xandar held her

hands tightly as he sat upright, locking his eyes with hers. "I'm not asking because I want to judge. I just want to know everything about you. And if something made you upset or has hurt you, I want to know that even more. I don't want you to think that you have to bear those emotions alone. I acknowledge that I can never fully comprehend what you went through, and there's no way to transfer those feelings to me or to someone else but I was hoping..." he sighed in frustration before shaking his head and uttering to himself, "Goddess, this is lame..." 1

"It's not." She said with glistening eyes. "It really isn't." Her thumb started stroking his palm as two stray tears trickled down her cheeks, and she looked away. Xandar held her hands tighter when she tried to retract them to wipe away the tears. He leaned in closer and kissed

away the tears from her cheeks, tasting the saltiness in them.

Xandar looked deep into her eyes as he whispered, "I'm not like them, I promise. Give me a

chance to show you, okay?"

Lucianne nodded when she seemed to have lost her voice for a moment. The reluctance in

her eyes squeezed his heart but he ignored it. At that moment, he was grateful that she was

giving him a chance.

When Lucianne got hold of herself again, she cleared her throat and started, "So, uh...my previous mates, all five of them weren't from my pack. That's the good news. At least things

Scanned with Cams nnnn er didn't get awkward and uncomfortable back home after each rejection. The first was a Beta from an ally pack. He didn't think I had the build to be a Beta's mate and rejected me. As you

can already tell, I'm really small, even for a wolf. The second was a warrior, not a Gamma, just a warrior in training. We met at a training collaboration hosted by Blood Eclipse. What he told me was that the mate bond was messing with his head and objectively speaking, I wasn't pretty by his 'uninfluenced' standards. He

also didn't want his mate to be a warrior. He preferred a female who had a 'less aggressive job', in his words. I never bothered asking what that meant."

She took a sip of her coffee. "The third and fourth were Alphas. The third was already engaged to be married to a chosen mate, and he felt that he owed it to his pack to choose her, who had Alpha blood, over me, who is not from that bloodline. That was definitely the most amicable severance. Consensual and amicable. The fourth mate wasn't the type to settle for one female so it was a no brainer to sever that bond. However, he made it clear that he

wouldn't have wanted me even in his next life before accepting my rejection." She chuckled depressingly.

"And then," Lucianne stopped to take a breath. "I don't know what was going through the Moon Goddess's mind but she paired me with a Lycan for my fifth—chance mate. You already

know this one. He's Sebastian Cummings."

She shrugged, "We met at this meeting last year. He took me seriously at first but then all these lies and inconsistencies started popping up. When it came down to another Lycan and me, he never chose to defend me, even if I had the facts and they didn't. I didn't think much of it because I just thought that was how most Lycans are brought up — spare the Lycans, punish the wolves. But the last straw was walking in on him sleeping with another Lycan when he told me that he was going to be with his father discussing state affairs."

She swallowed a lump in her throat before she continued in a softer voice, "After that

experience, I went home and prayed to the Moon Goddess every night to stop giving me a mate. I told her that I would do anything...but I didn't want to experience another mate bond. I

didn't want to meet or see another person being bound to me like that." She took a breath before uttering, "I have never prayed or even asked for a mate in my life. And after mate number five, I decided that I've had enough of the emotional roller coaster, and begged our Goddess to spare me."

She pressed her lips together in discomfort before she said in almost a whisper, "When we met last night, all I could think about was what could I have possibly done to garner so much

hate from the Moon Goddess that she could not even grant me my only wish. But from the start, you were different."

Their eyes locked. His eyes were already glistening as he imagined the pain she felt over and over again. Despite the tears, his expression was hard as he thought about the injustice that

had befallen Lucianne, who had done nothing but serve the werewolf population with nobility and selflessness.

She continued, "When you looked at me at the meet—and—greet, I couldn't see any hesitation or disappointment in your eyes. Even now, I still can't find it. You seem so sure, so certain that the mate bond is not a mistake. And when I brought up the matter about rejection, you seemed genuinely hurt and confused, not contemplative or relieved like the mates from my past. I thought, as a Lycan, you'll feel disappointed about being bonded to a werewolf, like Sebastian was. But you aren't like him. It's almost 24 hours since we met, and I haven't seen you upset over being with me yet. Sebastian's happiness only lasted two minutes before

disappointment crept into his eyes. He just seemed like he was accepting me after that. He was never really truly interested in what I am."

She chuckled and shook her head, "I don't know why I'm bonded to you, of all people and species. I don't even understand why I'm being bonded again. Sometimes, I feel that the Moon

Goddess gave me my life just to use me as a joke over and over and ov..." 1

Xandar cut her off, and said in a gentle tone, "No, don't think that." He lifted her body

effortlessly, placing her sideways on his lap and kissed her deeply on her forehead before holding her close to his chest. "The Moon Goddess knows you are meant for great things. She

knew before any of us that you have the makings of a true leader, a Queen. Just being a Luna of a pack would've been a waste of your potential."

He kissed her hairline as he stroked her arm slowly and continued, "I've seen the way you interact with pack leaders and warriors. You stand apart on a whole different level. They love you. Every commendable werewolf loves you and respects you. Our Goddess sees this too. Before meeting you, I wasn't even doing half of the things at this meeting that I've already

done since last night. I was never one to be approachable, or one to get to know my people on a deeper level. But meeting you changed that. Somehow, your existence made me feel that the people deserved a better King, one who saw them, heard them and felt them. You gave me that, Lucianne. It's only been less than a day but I've never taken my subjects more seriously

for the past eighteen years until last night."

He pecked a kiss on her forehead and nose before he said, "There's no one more qualified to be a Queen than you, Lucianne. You've already done so much more for the people than I have, than any Lycan or werewolf have. You're already our Queen, even if you don't see it yet."

She smiled meekly as she held back her tears. "It was really nice of you to say all of that,

Xandar."

"I wasn't being nice." He said in a serious tone, "I was speaking the truth. You are a Queen, our

Queen. It radiates from the way you speak and the way you carry yourself, which probably explains why I don't feel comfortable when I see you bow to me. From the start, it just felt...

wrong. I thought it was the mate bond at first but now that I think of it...it's more likely because I'm not worthy to have you bow to me. If anything, I should be the one bowing to you."

"Oh Goddess, please don't do that. It'll be so awkward." She pleaded, her eyes widened in horror.

Le scoffed. "It shouldn't be for you. But I guess now you can feel a little bit of what I felt last

ight and this morning."

hey were silent for a while, just enjoying each other's company until Lucianne asked softly a

her fingers trailed gently across Xandar's chest, "Is there anything else you want to know about my previous mates? Any holes in my story that you need an explanation for?"

[is animal was aroused under Lucianne's touch, and Xandar was relieved that her fingers topped as soon as she finished speaking. He pondered for a moment. Jealousy was laced in his voice as he said, "I don't quite understand the one with Cummings. From the way he's

een behaving, it's like he's under the illusion that the mate bond is still there. And why did Luna Hale agree to let the Cummings sit with us? Didn't she know who he was?"

Oh, that." She sat up and explained, "Luna Hale told me that she wanted to watch Sebastian suffer in regret now that I'm bonded to someone else." Lucianne rolled her eyes and shook her

head in disapproval. "She's not normally like this. That was probably her only unprofessional act as a Luna. And as for Sebastian's behaviour,"

She cleared her throat, "After I caught him with his...bed warmer, he promised that he would (I) anything to make me feel better. After making him swear that he will give in to anything that I was about to ask for, I rejected him, and

demanded that he accept the rejection. He wanted to argue his way out of it but I held him by his promise. And he, not being fully sober after all the alcohol he had with his buddies at a bar, accepted the rejection. I will admit that I

was being kind of manipulative to sever that bond but..."

"But thank goddess you were." Xandar smirked. She rolled her eyes. "I was going to say that it was manipulative but I don't regret what I did."

"Good. You shouldn't." Xandar smirked wider and kissed her cheek, enjoying the sight of his mate blushing as he held her on his lap.

Lucianne tried to cool her warm cheeks by pressing the back of her hands on them but Xandar promptly took away her hands and held them firmly in his. He then planted another kiss on her cheek, sending another wave of red tinge in that area. "I thanked her last night,

you know?" He uttered as he looked at her in bliss. "Who?" Lucianne asked in confusion.

He smiled and uttered, "The Moon Goddess, sweetheart. I thanked her for this mate bond

when we were walking back to your room last night."

His fingers reached for the hair falling on her side profile, and very gently, he tugged it behind her ear and traced the curls in her hair. "You are so much more than I deserve, and nothing I could ever imagine asking for. I never thought someone like you even existed. I don't remember doing anything exceptional to be bonded to someone so amazing but I know that I'm never letting you go." He pecked a sweet kiss on her nose and for the next few moments, they simply looked into each other's eyes. His lilac orbs met her black ones, and Lucianne had never felt happier. He had never felt more at peace.

Lucy's phone vibrated, and she took it from the side table before they both saw that it was a reminder for Lucy to get ready for dinner.

"Do you have a reminder for everything?" Xandar teased.

"Only scheduled programmes. I don't want to be late for something because I was distracted." She said matter-of-factly.

"Hmm." His nose started trailing down her scar as he said coquettishly, "A little distraction may be good though, don't you think?"

"Maybe, but not the type of distraction you're implying." I

He looked at her and asked coyly, "And what type of distraction am I implying, my dear?" He then closed his eyes and started taking her scent at her neck.

Lucianne gasped. With her hands on both sides of Xandar's face, she detached him from her neck. His yearning gaze met her serious one as she said, "You know exactly what I'm talking about, your Highness. I need to use the restroom and after that, we should get going." Ignoring his fake pout, she climbed off his lap, and disappeared into the washroom.

Even after hearing the door closed, he still couldn't wipe the smile off his face. He was getting a chance with his mate, and she seemed to be warming up to him. Everything made sense after she explained. Her inability to accept praise was because of past mates who have deemed her unworthy. She may have not realised it but their words affected not just her heart but also how she saw herself. Her reluctance to accept the mate bond with him, and her indifference when she spoke about rejection the previous night was just an understandable side-effect from her past, from being bonded to useless mates. Thank goddess they were useless, otherwise he would've lost her even before he had met her.

Then again, he could've always challenged and killed the one she was bonded to, thereafter claiming her as his. Being the Lycan King, he would've easily won. But would Lucianne be happy being with him if he killed her bonded mate? Shoving these thoughts aside, he

thanked the Moon Goddess for not complicating the situation to the point where he had to kill a mate to be her mate. 1

He grinned like a person who was madly in love when he looked into the mirror he had in the living room. He stood up, brushed off the faint creases and put his coat back on. When

Lucianne joined him in the living room, he beamed and pecked a kiss on her forehead before they left for the dining hall in his car.